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Once a month, regular as estragon, one of us scubas into the great pile of manuscripts in Julie's office, wielding letter opener like oyster knife, pearl diving amidst the unsolicited manillas. This time, emerged dripping and triumphant with a painting & story we liked, & which (all praise the principle of indeterminacy) fit together perfectly. Hence story & picture *The Ruse*, to furnish our famous fiction section.

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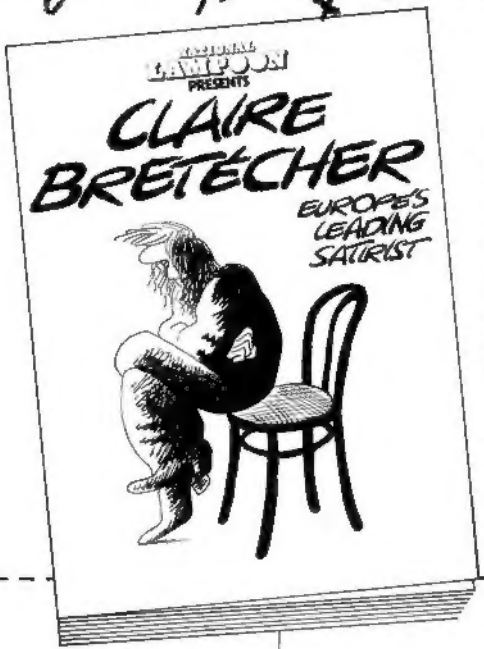

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DEN
G-Great Uluhte, h-here is your sacrifice.
Bring Kath forward and throw her.

DEN!
What are you doing? No, no! DEN. . .
STOP! You're ruining everything.
I'll kill you with a blast of the Locner's energy.
What th–
Give me that, you!
UNH! NO!

The Locnar is mine!
AAAAAHH!
RRRUMBLE

YAAAAAAAAA
KRRRAK
BRŞŞ LLLL

Oh t's splitting the very earth
RRRRRRRRRRR
Is th s the end Dan? Are we doomed?
One last hope
RETURN TO HE L DEVIL!

Ooh, I can't see. What happened?
That explosion was beyond understanding. My ears are ringing.
Was the monster killed?
I'm not sure. It can be killed, nor Ard either. But they're gone from this world.
What about the Queen?
She is probably dead.
We are alive and well. That's all I care about for now.
I thought I saw her mount a flyer.

THE END

THE RUSE

by Thomas Bridges

Leaves hung matted with moisture formed a ceiling, thick green that permitted only a faint diffused light to filter through. Underneath in semi-shade the ground was covered with fluorescent fungi that expelled obnoxious odors and kept away the more desperate hungers from the inner parts of the trees. Here was the constant battle of animal life, the dull brute minds were the dumping ground for the refuse and soon as they neared the end of the processes perished. Beyond was ghostly.

The archer and his animal, which was now the father's weapon, thought of this as they crept through here. Here were other sorts who daughters who were their own nights were in dusk from the night into the thick decay of the old. Barron's forest in the east. Nightmare had all been here before the figurant paces now must be set to work a new game. A year the father's gone who killed two fleshy corn wards and several less meats four-footers which were now being dragged back to the village by the male members of the hunting party.

The son moved in silence with the father. He was anxious hunting him with so much excitement that he could not contain a trembling hand. He had not been to get his senses drunk as he filled himself with the essence of green and camp and the [illegible].

In a secret and unusual [illegible] Mandar sense was because he could sense completely [illegible] and [illegible] essence [illegible] order [illegible] current [illegible] [illegible]. Now he was the hunt shapeless gray creature hair and [illegible] right and as he perceived it was [illegible] as with [illegible] acrid flavor and each [illegible] he realized that he creature was blind.

©CVES 75

Back into himself he wondered about his father's mind, though he never entered into it. He had never been told not to, but, of course, they did not fully understand his capabilities. He didn't understand them himself, although his special sensitivity had been with him since birth.

Suddenly his father's hand pulled him. There was too much quiet in the forest.

"Down," the father said, as he threw him and the boy to the leafy forest floor. "A Ruse. Be absolutely quiet."

The boy was desperate to look, and still too afraid to sensitize. The ferocity of the Ruse was legendary. And who had ever really come upon a Ruse? Their teeth hung only from the necks of magic men, his grandfather had told him. But his grandfather had never really seen one. Certainly there had been more of them once than now, [illegible] else. In his father's childhood, he knew, there were still remains of protective walls surrounding villages, which had been built to keep the foraging creatures out. Only his father, who had once hunted for the rich, was said to have seen a Ruse, and that was many years ago. (And his father was too full of stories for the boy to really believe him. Once, his father claimed to have eaten some flesh reputed to be Ruse, and he spoke of the strength it gave him.

[illegible] behind the protectiveness of a roarer bush, and, tenderly shielding his son's underdeveloped vision from the dangerous brilliance of light, directed the boy's squinting eyes to [illegible].

There was the Ruse—its large head so barren of fiber its rubbery skin so grotesquely smooth. Stretching [illegible] mous bulk in the sun without fear of the light that could scorch the skin of both father and son in seconds, the Ruse's brown and blue muscular body vibrated softly as it shrieked its pleasure under the warming light. Finally, stretching itself into full view, it widened its fleshy mouth with large gulps of breath, showing its black throat and the three rows of magical, large spindle teeth.

Uncontrollably, father and son's breath pulsed; as suddenly, the Ruse perked, rising on awkward hinds to become offensively tall, broadening its sensitivity in all directions.

The small underbrush that surrounded them crackled and oozed from impulses, but the bitter aura of the roarer bush (to which only forest people are immune) forced the Ruse to draw back its sensors, and salivate with pain. Protective stink soon permeated the air, causing both father and son to vomit uncontrollably until breezes carried the nauseating odor away. Now, certain that the bush would protect them, father and son blended their personal scent with the pungency of the thick forest air.

And soon, the Ruse was again shrieking in its pleasure. Almost comically, it would twist its lumbering body suddenly perk and sensitize, and flip its tail across the ground. Then, warmed and glossed by the light, it would become sluggishly comfortable and less cautious.

In a whisper the father explained to the boy that it was doubtless the Ruse's youth that allowed it to be lured into the open, where a mature Ruse would never linger alone. Light was known to dull their movements, causing them to sleep dangerously unprotected. Still, no Ruse was ever known to have been taken outright. Because of their size and ferocity, they had been trapped in deep pits and left to deteriorate before they were killed and their flesh stripped.

And the boy's consciousness drifted back to the days when there had been more than forest to live in. Now only the rich lived outside the forest—in shelters, and out of the light. The presence of Ruse made him think about everything wonderful he had never known. It was better than the most fanciful dream he had ever imagined.

Of course, that was years ago, the father was saying, as the boy started to listen again. He doubted whether a Ruse had even been seen since then. And he was sure that no one had ever had as clear a view as he's had now. Still, he would wait until the beast was near sleep before attempting a shot. They have no reason to fear, he said, but he remembered the boy that they would have to muffle their ears with something for the screech of a dying Ruse would penetrate the soul of even the most inhuman of human. He could remember, he said, even to this moment, the echo of its cry after that killing so long ago.

By now the boy had new thoughts about his father. There was even admiration in his pale eyes. Yes, he believed that his father had truly seen a Ruse before. He had been there at a kill. And, leaning close against his father's body, he was again tempted to see into his father's mind. But now he was more cautious. His father's new strength left his own abilities in doubt. He would wait, he thought.

While they waited in silence, the tightness of staying still made the boy's sensors wander often, of course, it was uncontrollable. He would simply phase out, and suddenly take on a new perspective. Sometimes, it was that of a tiny silent creature on a distant tree limb, viewing moving things below with complete detachment. Sometimes, it was some frantic mindless creature like that one of the nearby rocks, sensing every presence with fear. Even the sweet, colorless hanging flowers intoxicated his senses. Or he felt the tingling smoothness of slime on a nameless crawling creature, and the curious electric impulses from a rounded fluff of body far away. The boy had long since realized how easily he could be any one of things.

His father reading his son was drifting, interrupted his play, reminding him to stay alert. And, although he said it was not yet time to attempt a shot, he's lifted his ears and the boy's with soft moss, for fear he would forget to do it later.

Silent and still again, the boy struggled to remain alert, but the temptation to let his sensors wander at will was great. There in a tree limb quite close to the Ruse, a curious slink moved to the edge of a branch. The boy sensitized and discovered that the creature was not in the least afraid of the Ruse, although it certainly recognized the awful odor.

Back in himself, the boy's attention was now fully upon the Ruse, who had become so sluggish and sleepy that it could barely flip its tail to scatter the small black things zipping in and out of the rocks and over its body. Its shrieks turned to murmurs as it entered sleep.

And the curious boy wondered about the essence of the Ruse. How marvelous, how legendary this creature was. And would he ever have another chance? It was certainly one of the last of its kind. And now it lay so passive: its great, shiny brown and blue bulk at ease in the light.

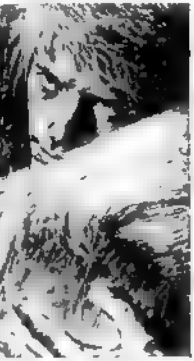
Slowly the boy sensitized and filled himself of the Ruse. He felt the most incredibly wondrous thing, warmth, something he had never before felt, because of the dangerous light. It made him tingle and float in joyous pleasure. He was the sleeping beast. And he had never known, nor would he ever again know, the experience of dissolving in the essence of pure warmth.

Because suddenly a roar blasted the Ruse's brains into fragments, and his own mind exploded at the same moment. Only that hideous scream remained until he died hours later, mindless and foaming at the mouth, in his father's stiffened arms.

CHAPTER TWO

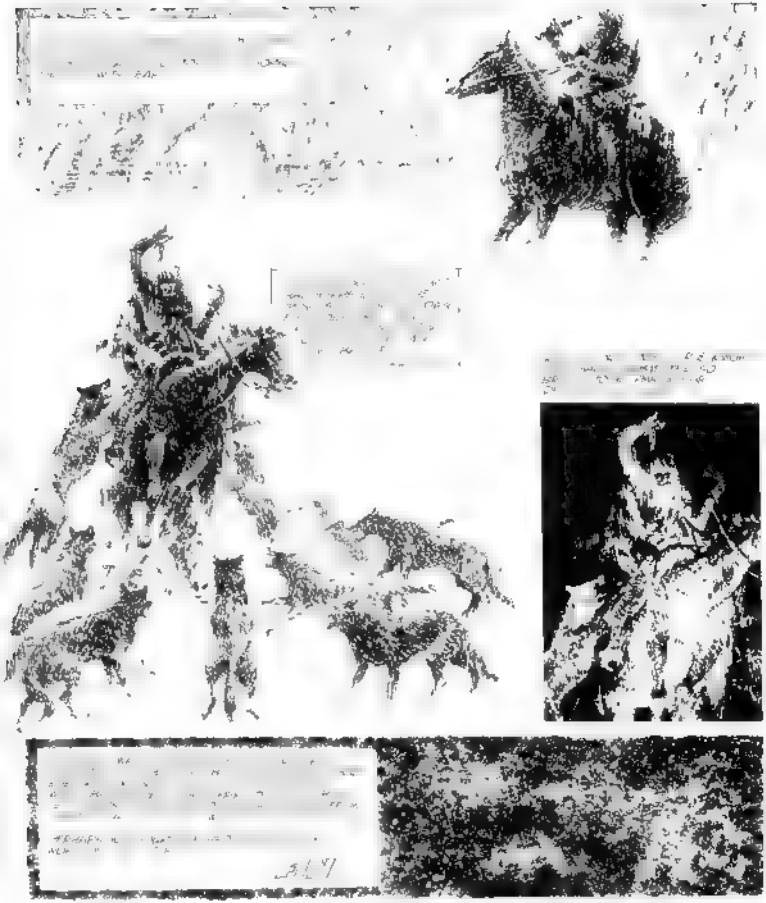
THE WINTER OF THE LAST COMBAT

BY MOEA AND GARCIA



NOOOO!
NOOOO!

AND I READ. THERE WHAT I FEARED!



CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sean

Re Mike Wagner's "personal complaint" (Chain Mail *HM* #10) about the "final" motivation of Vaughn Bodē's Sunpot, I, as editor, would like to [illegible] may surprise Mr. Wagner but Vaughn Bodē's *dead*. So one cannot complain him and since he doesn't [illegible] Sunpot before he died, he probably has to be given to someone else. Those familiar with Bodē's later work will understand why Sunpot *had* to be endured. As for me part, in not having Bodē but came closer in capturing the coloring he used. Just anyone else [illegible] the whereas Bodē hand-colored his [illegible] *Heavy Metal* I was given *final generation* photostats to color with *Dr. Martin* [illegible] which I have quite a collection.

Bruce [illegible]

Sir

Re the [illegible] ter? I speak of some [illegible]

M. Mlle. Drunkel's ink drawings [illegible] received torpor set in with the subsequent tempera ones? The pages of Moebius and many of a lesser talent. Your premier issues were fantastic but the flow of [illegible] has [illegible] trick.

You have drawings by Solé [illegible] possible to include some of his work? Are you licensed to print Mar[illegible]

Heavy Metal is anxiously awaited each month at my house. Please don't [illegible] with no more delays.

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Walt [illegible]
R.C. [illegible]

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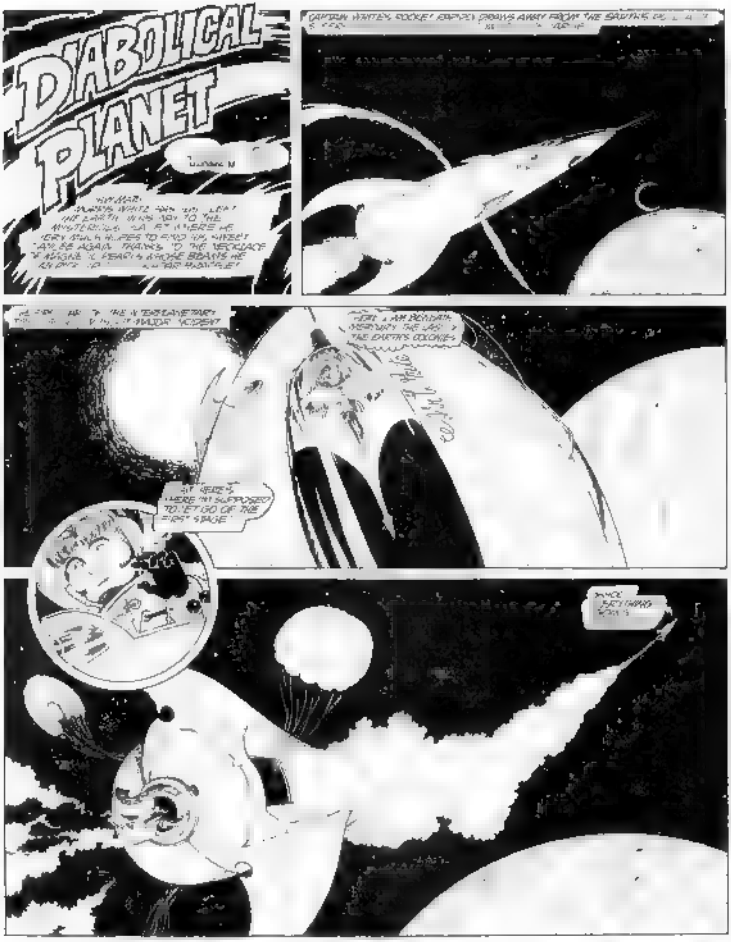
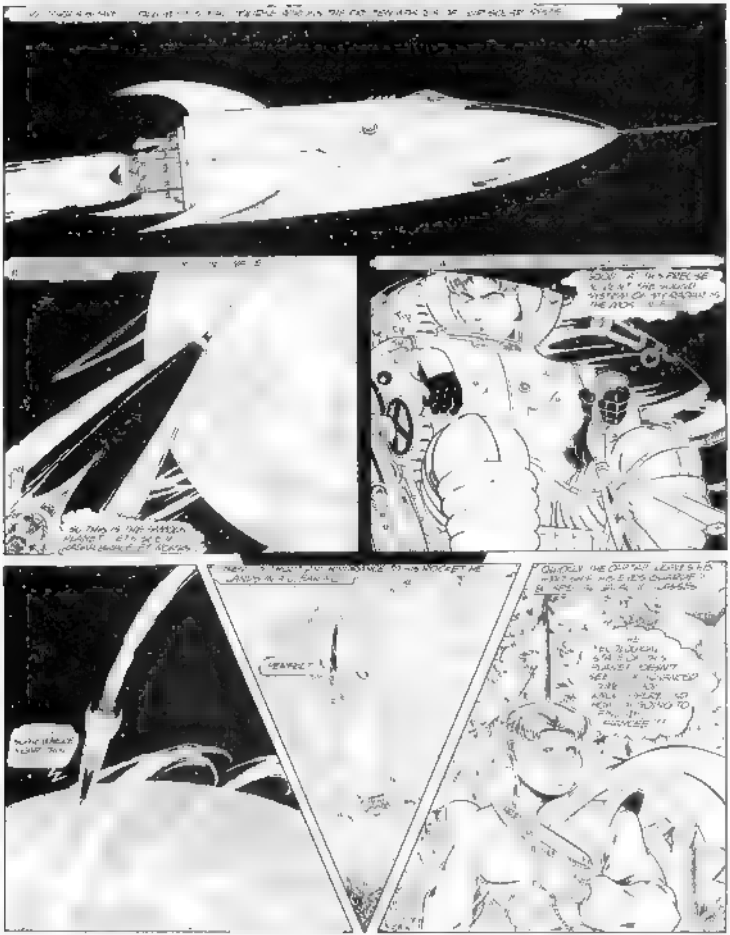
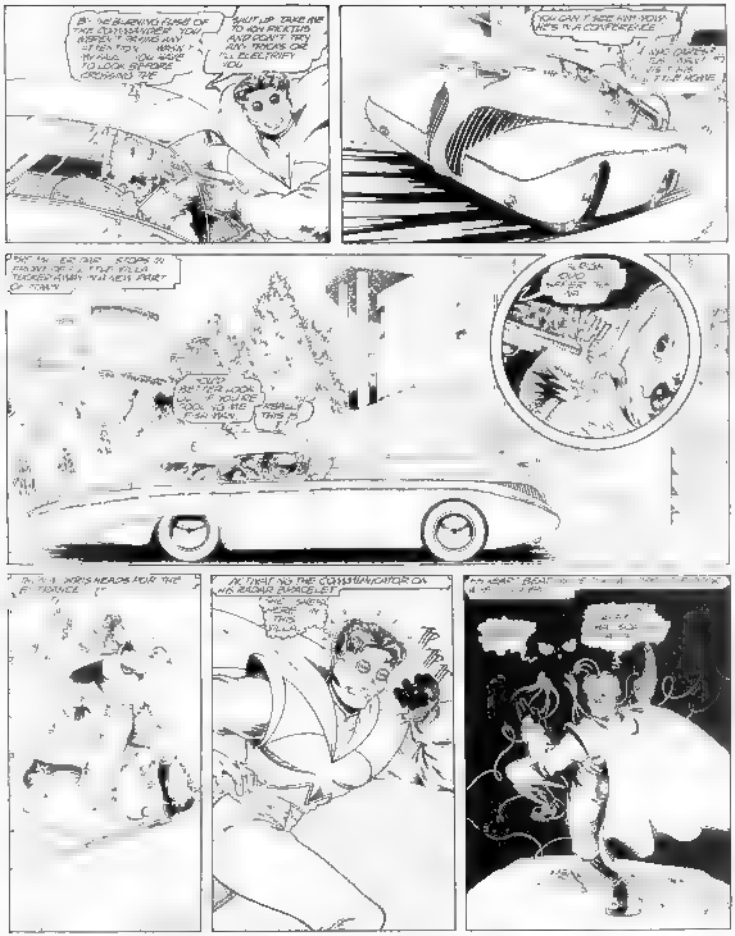
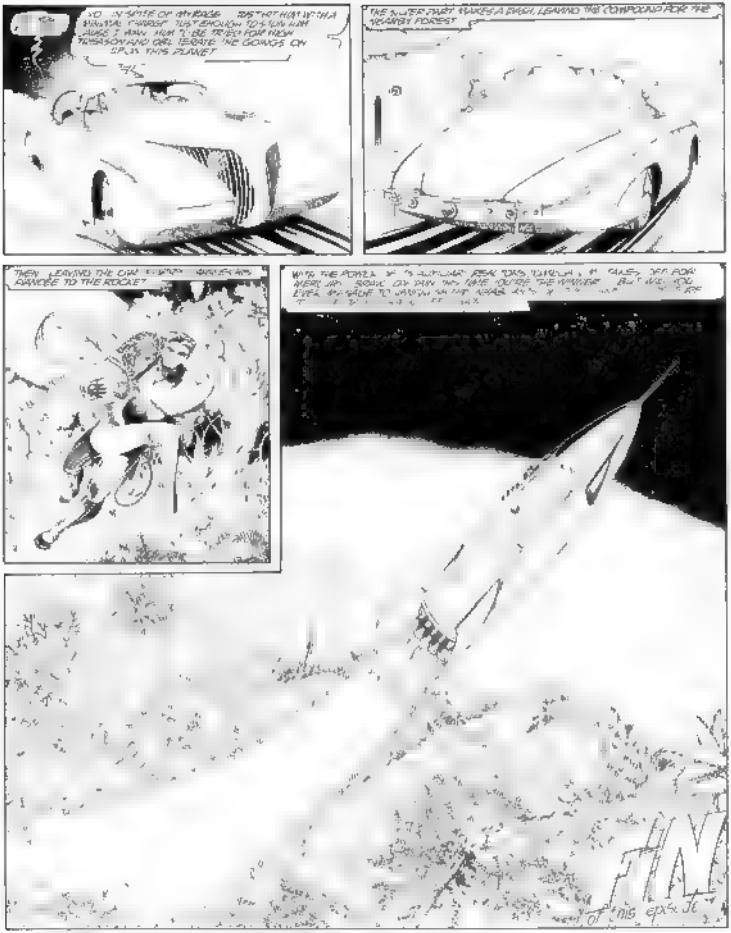

DIABOLICAL PLANET
CAPTAIN WHITE, ROCKET EXPLODES AWAY FROM THE SATURNE
AT HERE'S WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO LET GO OF THE FIRST STAGE
WHOA! BUT THERE GOES!




BY THE BURNING FLAME OF THE COMMANDER YOU ASPIRE TO BRING ANY OTHER TOY WOULD YOU HAVE TO LOOK BEFORE CROSSING THE
SHUT UP TAKE ME TO AN ELECTRO ANTIQUARY TRY ANY TRICKS OR I'LL ELECTRIFY YOU
YOU CAN'T SEE HIM NOW HE'S IN A CONFERENCE
I WAS QUITE A TIME IN THE
THE VILLA SCOPS IS FROM ONE OF THE VILLA TOURIST AWAY AT NEW PART OF TOWN
YOU'D BE THE MOON IF YOU'RE COOL TO BE ON TV
HELLO THIS IS
OOH WE'RE SO
AT THAT MOMENT THE COMMUNICATOR ON HIS RADAR BRACELET
WHERE IS THIS VILLA
AT LEAST BEAT

HAHAHAA!? GET BEHIND ME SATAN, OR...
...HEE...
...I'LL BE COMPLETELY POWERLESS...
...I AM TRUE AND EVERY A GOOD VOLLEYBALL ON THE SCREEN
HERE, HIS HEAD IS THAT YOU, [illegible]?
HEY! WHO'S THERE? ANSWER ME!
IN THIS INNER VOICE SENSE I TRUST OF VIOLETA? BY ALL THAT'S HOLY IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM I MUST GO TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS
...I'M MY SMARTER!
...AND NOW COME WITH YOU, AND TIME TO TAKE A NAP!
...AND WHEN I WOKE UP, I FOUND MYSELF BEHIND BARS!

WHO AM I? OOOH YES I CRASHED THESE CHASSES HERE MY FAULT I AM!
I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE, BUT HAVE YOU DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
HUMPH! YES CERTAINLY WELL IF I'M THINKING I THINK
THAT I KNOW HOW TO GET YOU SOME HERE BEFORE DARK
HURRY THEN, OH LIKE YOU COULD BE TERRY HAY FAULTE
CAPTAIN WHITE WASHES FROM THE VILLA RUNS TO THE CAR AND
WEARING THIS HEAVILY OF A EVEN MAN, SHE MIGHT BE ABLE JOE FOR TO LIVE ON 1 OF WATER
WATER! YES!
HURRY, SWEETHEART I'LL GO ON THE RESTAURANT AND YOU CAN LEAVE THE CAR SO
YES DARLING


SO...IN SPITE OF MY RAGE...SHE NOT HAVING THE MENTAL CHARGE JUST ENOUGH TO SLOW HIM DOWN, I MAY HAVE BEEN TRICKED FOR NEW TRISKAIDEKAN GIRL TERRORIZE THE GOONIES ON EARTH THIS PLANET
THE ALIEN DUST MAKES A DASH, LEAVING THE COMPOUND FOR THE NEARBY FOREST
THEN, LEAVING THE CAR BEHIND, SHE FLEES ON FOOT TOWARD THE ROCKET
WITH THE POWER OF THE SUPERNATURAL BEAK TOOL WIELDED BY CALEB, YET ANOTHER UNIT SOUL OF PAIN HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE WARRIOR ALL WHO STAND IN HER WAY
FIN
of this epic

What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's perfectly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

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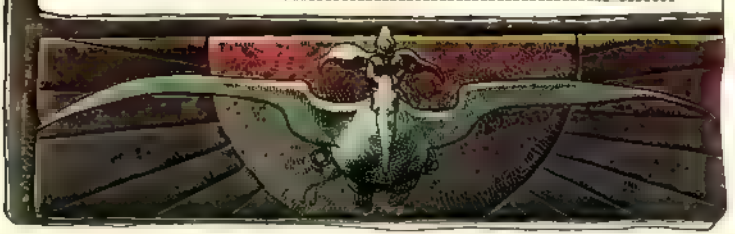
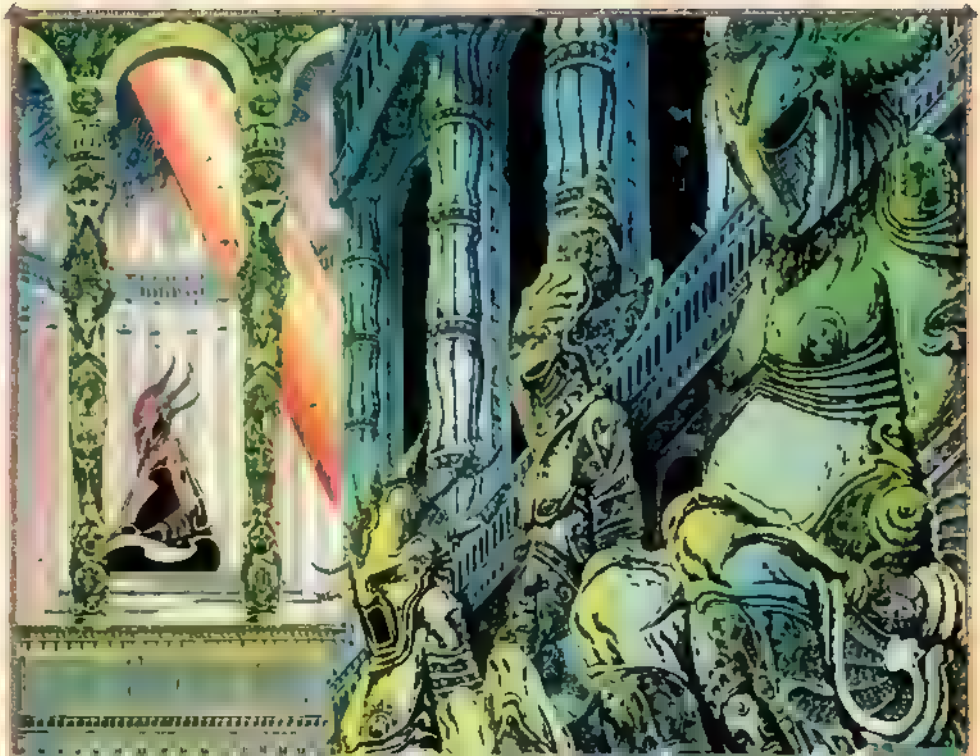
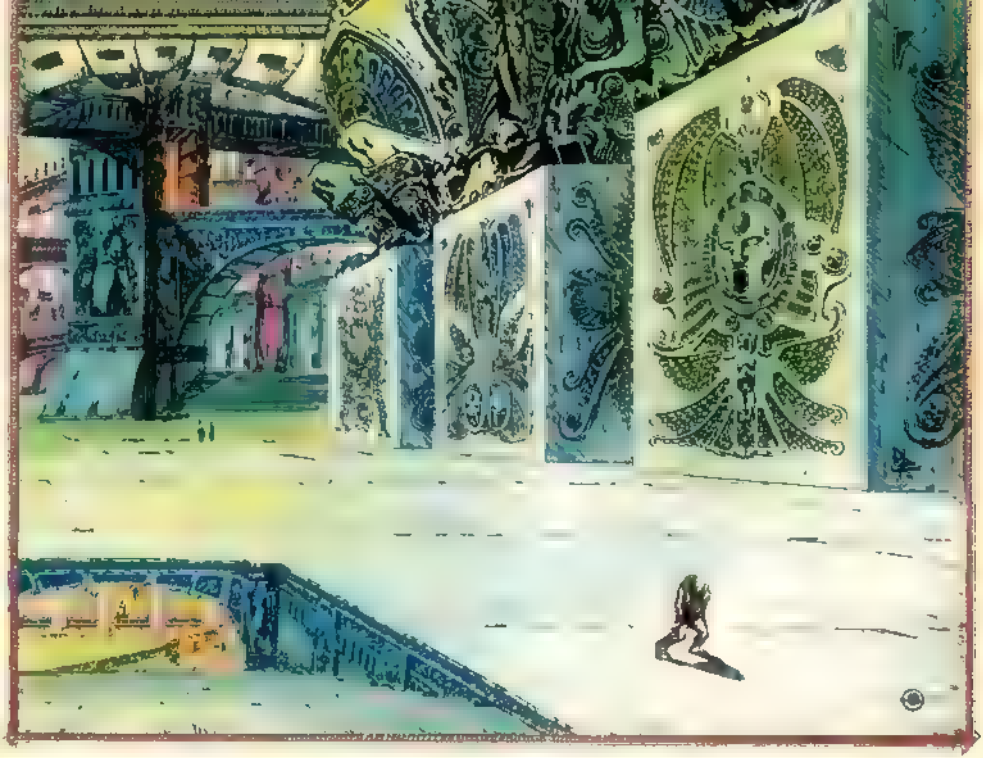


URM

LORD OF MY
MASTERS.
I LOATHE YOU





UNLESS MY EARS DECEIVE ME, THESE CHATTING CRISPS AND HORRIBLE LAUGHS ARE OBVIOUSLY THE SOUNDS OF MY FOUR MASTERS, FESTIVITIES.
THE FEAST YOUR EARS ARE VERY SENSITIVE SIRA. YOU HANDSOME FELLOW!
COME WITH ME
COME REJOICE WITH US
GREETINGS OH DIVINE PRINCE

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COME CLOSER
DRINK DEEP
AND GAZE
UPON THE
JOY WHICH
LIGHTS OUR
FACES AT
YOUR COMING

AH, POOR URM, TRYING TO ESCAPE TONIGHT WE BEGIN THE HUNT OF THE
WARRIORS FROM THEIR VAULTS AND WE WILL ALL JOIN THEM! URM! YOU WILL

POOR HOWLING MADMAN YOU FLEE DOWN THE ENDLESS STAIRS BUT DEATH FOLLOWS YOUR EVERY FOOTFALL ACROSS THE COLD DAMP STONES INTO THE GAPING MOUTH OF THE IDOLS WHO SEEM TO TAKE YOU UP AMONG THEIR CORRIDORS POOR WRETCH, AND YET YOU HOPE AGAIN TO ESCAPE YOUR DESTINY
TO BE CONTINUED

HITCHHIKE
WHOA! A BOSS RIG
A HIT! FINALLY
MMM... YOU'RE HOT UP THERE
GREAT TO BE ON THE ROAD!
NOT VERY TALKATIVE ARE YOU? WE'VE BEEN ROLLIN' FOR A HOUR AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED TO PUMP ME
IF WE GUYS DRIVE TO KILL T UP WE COULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO
HEAVY METAL

YOU SAY OR WHAT?
MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE GIRLS, HUH? YOU A FRUIT?
IF I PUT MY HAND THERE WHAT'L YOU DO THEN HUH?
4AIPPP!
EEEEEKKKKK!
YOU'RE HOT JAIMAN
PROOONNNG!
JA-MA THE TASER ARE RARRRR
SHKAPPP!
HE SAVE MACHINE

LATER
FURTHER ON
OOOHHHH !! SO FED UP ! BEEN WAITIN' HERE A WHOLE HOUR AND SO ONE'S STOPPED
HEY A TRUCK
EXCELSIOR

TALUS IV

Zoological Wonder at the Edge of the Galaxy

A hemorrhaging bio-collector filled with the spoils of its voyage hovers over murky cloud-covered Talus IV.

Baring its feeder with heaps of food, the ship soon earns the confidence of the ray-like creatures which are seen here dipping loose bits of fruit with their hooked tails. When they alight, the operator of the feeder platform will ingest live samples for transfer to the home planet.

The man-like beast in the foreground is actually the light sensitive end of a massive segmented worm whose body descends into a deep water-filled crevice. The worms come to shore at nightfall to feed on glowing jell plants that dot the landscape. They rarely see light as brilliant as the Leviton beam, which is actually quite dim.

The red root-snakes whose flexible bodies can extend to great lengths exhibit curiosity about the bio-collector. They appear to communicate with each other exist in pairs, and seem to have a collective life cycle. Although firmly anchored to the wet ground, they move together at the end of their life cycle to form large rock-hard structures which become homes for lesser life forms. Scientists believe the root-snakes to have a high degree of intelligence, and have instructed the bio-collector not to collect samples until more can be learned about life in this remote system.

From the Stellar Journals of
KARL B. KOFOED

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

TALUS IV

Zoological Wonder at the Edge of the Galaxy

A fourteen ton bio-collector filled with the spoils of its voyage hovers over murky cloud-covered Talus V.

Baiting its feeder with heaps of food, the ship soon earns its confidence as the ugly bike-sized trolls which are seen here ripping loose bits of fruit with their hooked rails. When they alight, the operator of the feeder platform will ingest live samples for transfer to the home planet.

The man-like beast in the foreground is actually the light sensitive end of a massive segmented worm whose body descends into a deep water filled crevice. The worms come to shore at nightfall to feed on glowing jet plants that dot the landscape. They rarely see light as brilliant as the Leviton beam which is actually quite dim.

The red root-snakes whose flexible bodies can extend to great lengths exhibit curiosity about the bio-collector. They appear to communicate with each other next in pairs and seem to have a collective life cycle. Although firmly anchored to the wet ground, they move together at the end of their life cycle to form large rock-hard structures which become homes for lesser life forms. Scientists believe the root-snakes to have a high degree of intelligence, and have instructed the bio-collector not to collect samples until more can be learned about life on this remote system.

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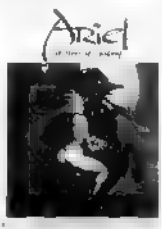

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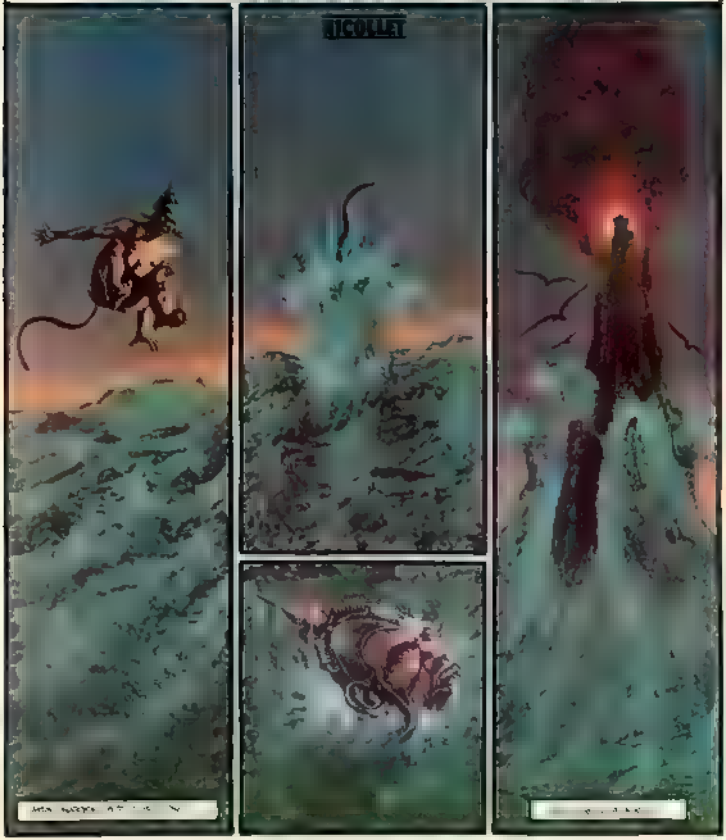
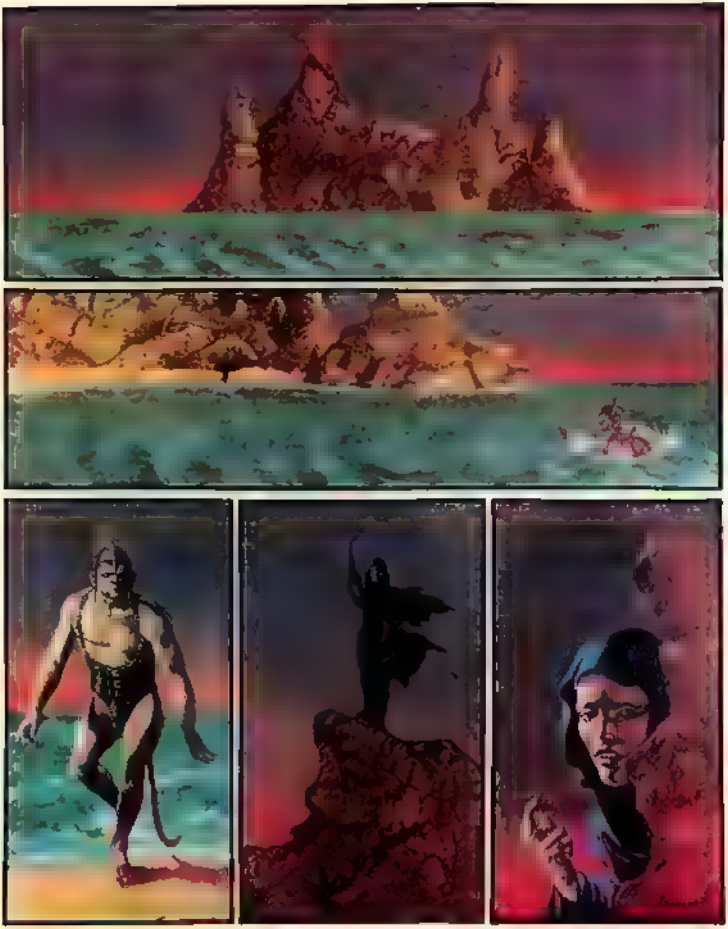
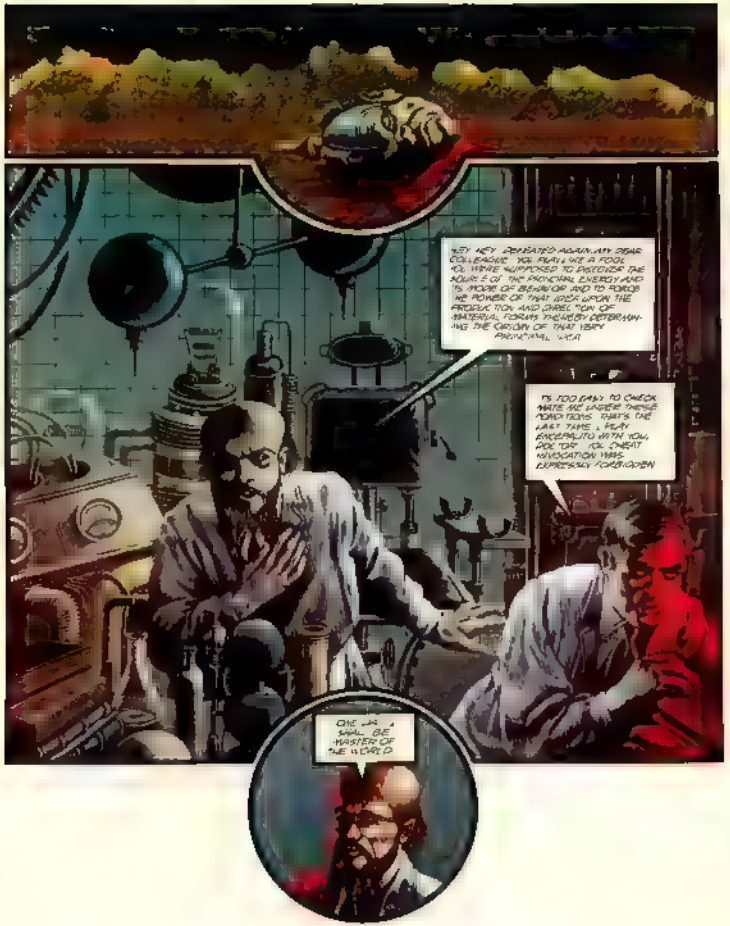




"EVIL FORCES WHEREAS I CALL ME I WISH IT COME THROUGH !"

SHOW YOURSELF AT LAST! I CAN FEEL YOUR PRESENCE. ON WINGS OF FIRE MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN! YOU ARE THERE! I SEE YOU.


HEY HEY DEFEATED AGAIN, MY DEAR COLLEAGUE. YOU REALLY ARE A FOOL. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THE PRINCIPAL ENERGY AND ITS MODE OF BEHAVIOR AND TO FORCE THE POWER OF THAT IDEA UPON THE PRODUCTION AND DISPOSITION OF MATERIAL FORMS THEREBY DETERMINING THE EVOLUTION OF THAT VERY PRINCIPAL IDEA
IT'S TOO EARLY TO CHECK MATE. WE LAUGHED THESE REACTIONS. THAT'S THE LAST TIME I PLAY EXCEPT WITH YOU. FOR YOU, SUCH INVOCATION WAS EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN
ONE DAY I SHALL BE MASTER OF THE WORLD

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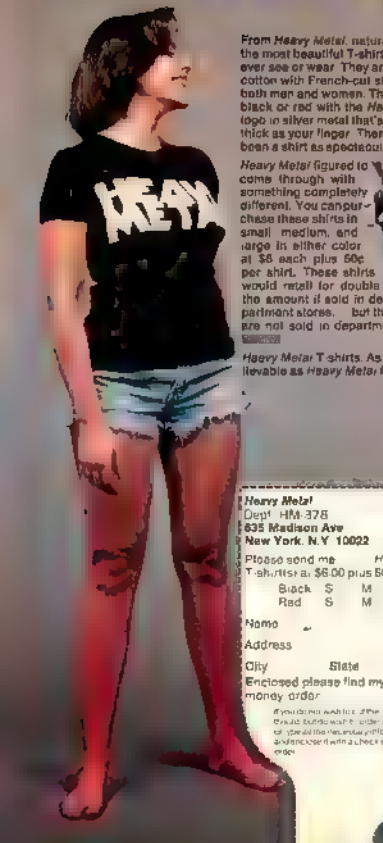

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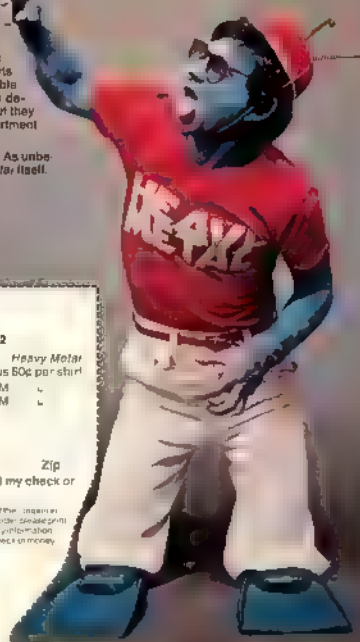

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ORION'S NEMESIS DARKSEID SURVEYS THE MORAL STATUS OF THE NEWLY BIRTHED ORION AS THE BABY WRESTLES WITH THE SNAKE-GOD OF MANHUNTER AND THE KEEP WORKER ANT, A MYTHICAL BEAST OF MANHUNTERKIND.)

SOME TIME LATER AS ORION HEADS FOR THE STABLES AND HIS APPOINTMENT WITH LAWLESS...

FROM APPARENTLY INNOCENT SHADOWS ARE NOW BEING FORMED SUDDENLY MATERIALISE AS ORION UNSHEATHES HIS BROADSWORD A SMOOTHING SOUND E AS OF METAL THUMPER CRACKLES ACROSS THE ELECTRIC TENSION LAUNCHING THE ATTACKERS TO THEIR UNEQUIVOCABLY SOME HOW LESS COMPLETE...

ORION BEWARE! IS A TRAP!

HERE THE FRENZIED RING HAMMERING STRIP OF HAMMER UNDERNEATH ENCHANTED STEEL AND THE BATTLE [illegible]

COLD STEEL BITES... AT ALL IN VAIN IN HOPE. BLAZING BLADE OF VENGEANCE ALL THE SCOUNDREL ASSAILANTS HAMMERED BY THEIR FRIGHT BOLT IN ABJECT TERROR

POLICE UNION WHAT A SUSPICIOUS MAN YOU ARE SIR! WITHOUT SOME TRUSTIE LIKE MYSELF TO WARNING OF THE HELPLESS VICTIMS WERE HASTENSTABLE I WAS HERE THERE AS THEY'D HAVE BY NOW BUT I'D HEARD OF YOU AND THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OF WHICH WERE MY FORMER COMPANIONS HAD NOT

A WELL-HEARD LIKE MYSELF TURNS TO MANY MEANS FOR HIS EMPLOYMENT BUT BACKSTABBING ISN'T THE STYLE OF MARKUS OF MEMBARTH ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M CLOSE MY CLOSE! HE'LL BE MUCH NOT HE REMEMBER BETTER TO MAKE SURE! IF NOT FROM DEATH CERTAINLY MUCH DISCOMFORT WILL BE TO ME AH REMEMBER WRITER

I DON'T KNOW A VILLAIN NAMED THE NAME OF MARK THE VILLAIN EARTHLY WAY IN BRAND MY OFFENCE

THEN PERHAPS HE SHOULD LIKE TO THANK HE DESERVES TO WARN ME

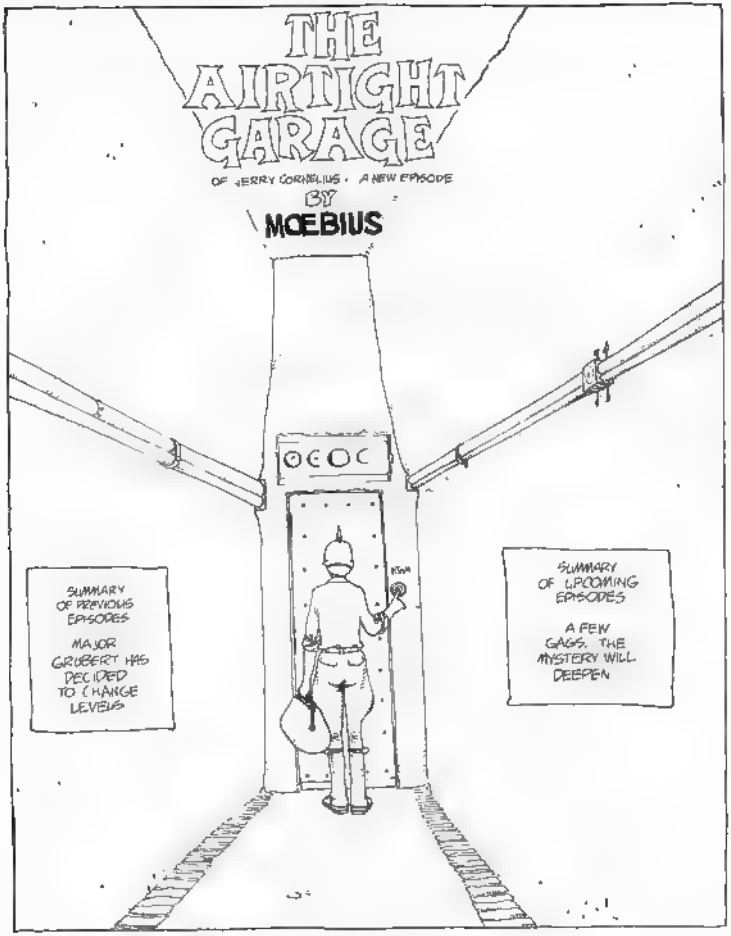
SORCERER

WELL NOW THAT YOU'VE COLLECTED ONCE TO TAKE MY LIFE AND CAME TO SAVE IT YOU OUGHT TO BE A TWICE HAPPY MAN
I'LL BE A THRICE HAPPY ONE TO PUT SOME MILES BETWEEN ME AND THAT SORCERER THEY HAVE UNPLEASANTLY IMAGINATIVE WAYS OF REPAYING A BAD TURN
WELL ABOUT TIME AND—
HOLD!
AH SIR TARLAN CAN'T BE THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN OUR AGREEMENT SIR
I'VE NOTED ANY CONTRACT BETWEEN US ONE STAND ASIDE
AS I AMONTHEP GESTURES HIS LONELY CAMPFIRES HIS ANCIENT AND THE BEAST LEAPS CAMPFIRE FLASHING
AH ME IT APPEARS THIS SCHEMING RASCAL HAS PERSUADED THE MIND AGAINST ME DETERMINABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO GET THESE DAYS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS

THE RENDING TALONS SHRED HARMLESS PLUMES OF SMOKE AS LAMONTH IS MAIMED AND UNCONVENTIONAL EXIT
ORION AND MAMBA AT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM SELVES AND THE SCENE OF THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE MAGICIAN BAT
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM I FEAR
OOOOWEE! LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN NOW I CAN'T GO BACK AND IT'S SUICIDE TO GO FORWARD
I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T DEVISED A WAY TO COLLECT YOUR OWN REWARD
THE SOLDIERS WON'T FOLLOW ME TO BALIMORRA BUT LAMONTHOD IS SURE TO HOUND US BOTH BETTER THE INFERNITIES OF THE BLACK RANGES BEFORE US THAN THE WRATH OF THE DEMENTED FORCES OF THE [illegible] COMMANDER AND HIS [illegible] WIFE ! THINK WHAT CAN YOU GAIN TO A CONTINUANCE OF OUR CHASE ALL ANGLES
1939
DESERTED FROM THE ARMY DOC AT BASARAN. FOOD WAS BAD AND PAY WAS WORSE. THE COMMANDER'S WIFE HATED TO SEE ME GO . HOWEVER THE COMMANDER SUFFERED MIXED EMOTIONS THEY'LL HAVE LAMENTED THE AREA WITH SEARCHERS AND REWARD OFFERS THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF ISHANDRIA FROM HERE IS THE ROAD LEADING TO BAL MOPRA AND BASARAN GUARDS THE PASS
AND SO IT WAS THAT ORION THE WANDERER AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY MET AND BEGAN THEIR STRANGE ADVENTURES ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE RIM OF BALIMORRA BREAK BROODING BALIMORRA WHERE MAMBA AND ORION FALL - AH BUT THEN THAT IS YET ANOTHER TALE

AMEN BEGINS HERE, IN THE SHADOWED VALLEY OF XANDRA...
AHHHH. SEE MY PRETTIES I PROMISED YOU DIVERSION DID I NOT?

THREE FOOLS IN CONFLICT OVER THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSE. A BRIGAND, A ROGUE AND A SORCERER WHOSE ARTS PERHAPS RIVAL MY OWN. THE FOOL DOES NOT SHOW THE OUTCOME. ONLY THAT IT WILL BE RESOLVED HERE, IN THIS VALLEY OF ETERNAL NIGHT. AND THAT...
...MANY WILL DIE! I THINK THAT I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO THE COMING OF
...ORION!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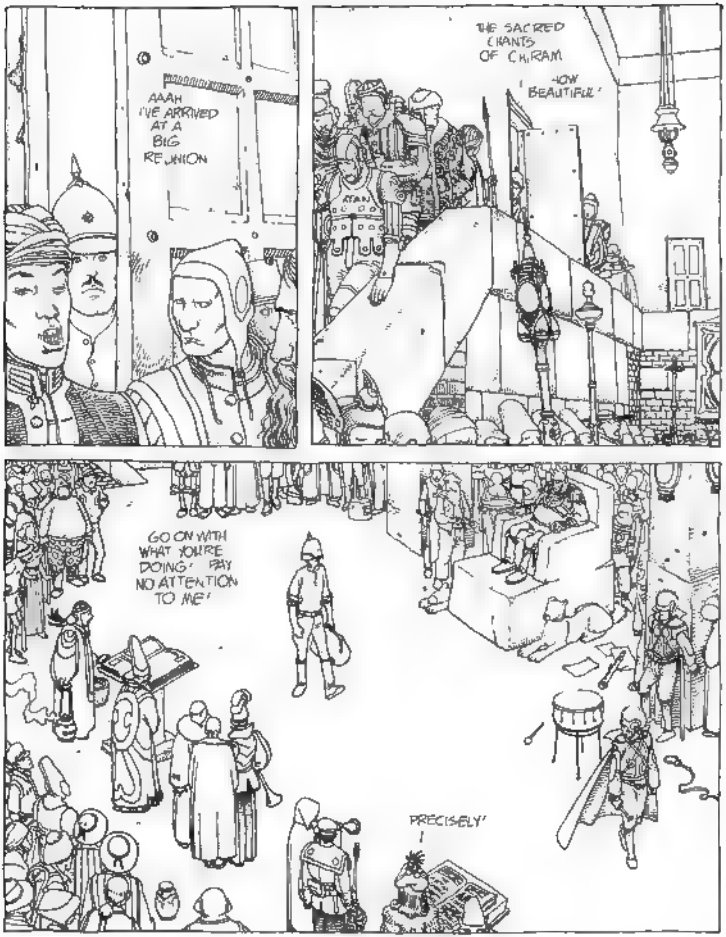
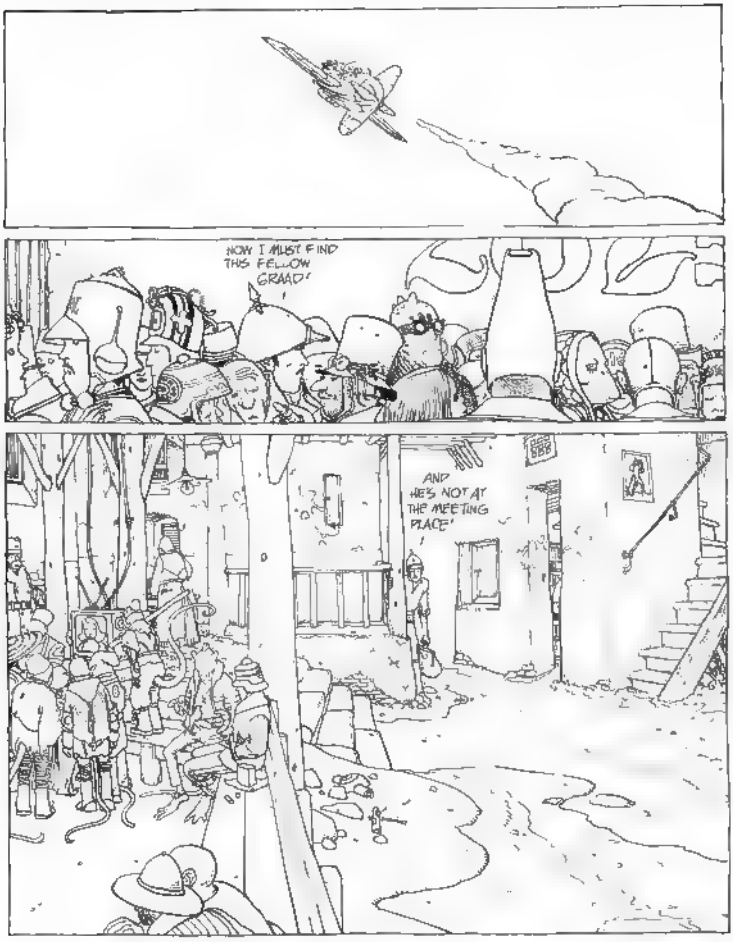
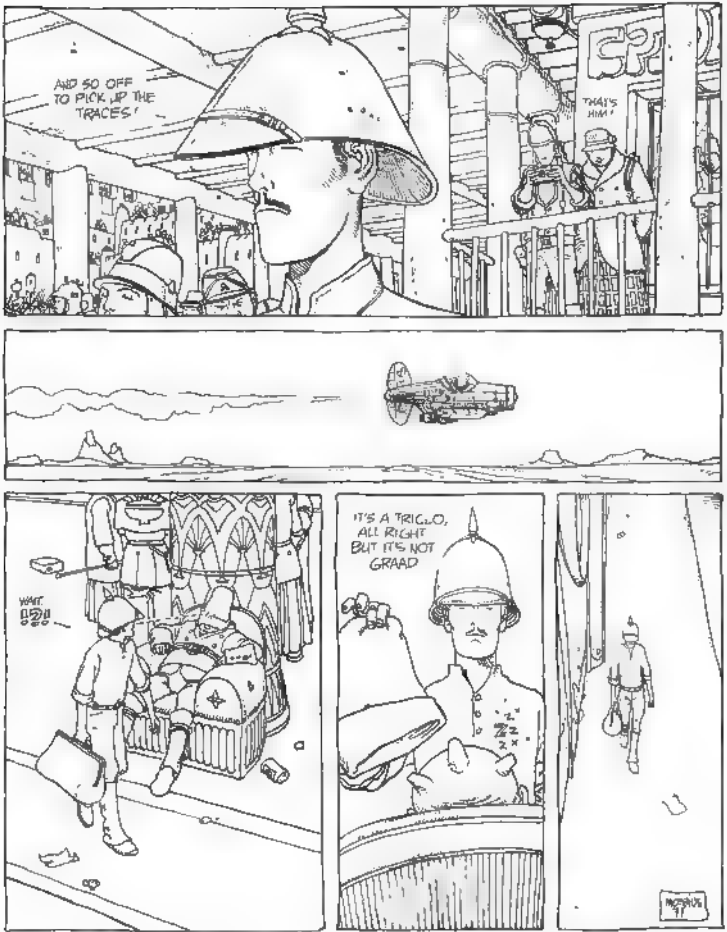
SUMMARY OF UPCOMING EPISODES
A FEW GAGS. THE MYSTERY WILL DEEPEN


AAAH I'VE ARRIVED AT A BIG REUNION
THE SACRED CHANTS OF CHIRAM
HOW BEAUTIFUL!
GO ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! PAY NO ATTENTION TO ME!
PRECISELY!


NOW I MUST FIND THIS FELLOW GRAAD!
AND HE'S NOT AT THE MEETING PLACE!


AND SO OFF TO PICK UP THE TRACES!
THAT'S HIM!
WAIT !!!
IT'S A TRIC..O, ALL RIGHT BUT IT'S NOT GRAAD
Zzz
MOEBIUS
TO BE CONTINUED

1996

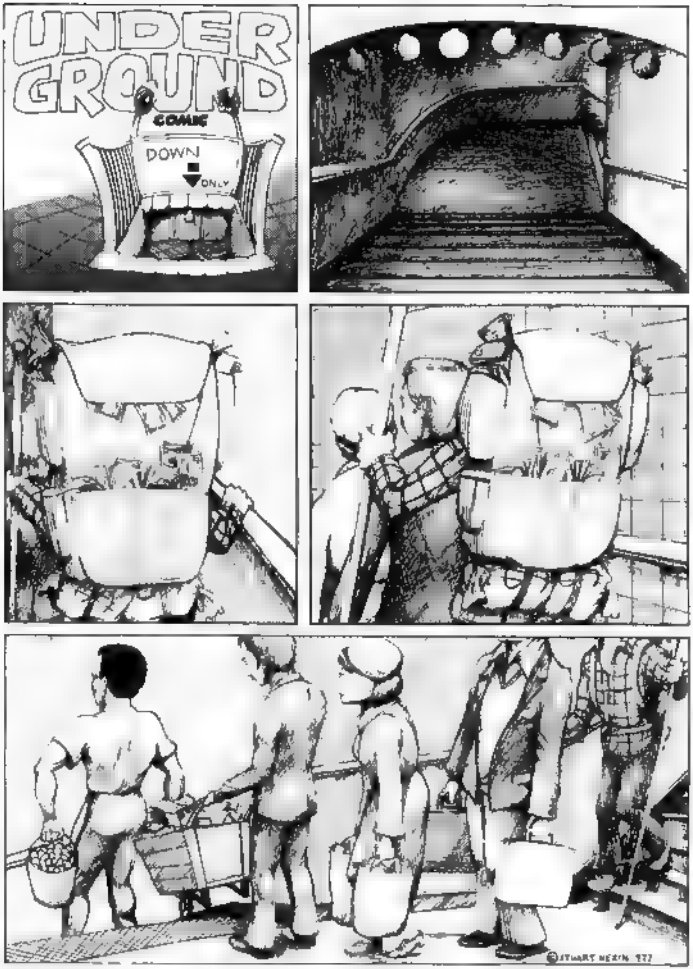
HADZ WEERD! WUDZ A VZ SPAZTEK GE THAD DOIN INNA PLAZE LIKE THIZ
O ARE FURM THINGS PREZENDAJUN N STILE ARE REEL IMBORTAND
WE TRY TO KEEB THA AMBIENDZ NIZE FORZA KUSTUMERZ
NUZ TARIFIC !
REEL IMBREZIY !

AN ANTIL AN ALL EEZ STYZ AROUN
YEZ TH STADICWS ARE RBEL POBLAR WITHA PUBLIG THEY GIVE THA PARG SUM MYAL LYNDA RELIDIUS PEEBUL CUM TA BRAY INA RUNES DONCHA THING THERE PRIDDY SUZDER?
CHEEZ, YAH!
NOW IVVUL FOLLUME TUTHU SEGON PARG WEEL FIN WUDCHA WAN
THIZATHU SEGTUN FUR REEKEN GOLLIZTUNS
MEEK WEYAR!
SALT

TAYGA LUGA ROUN?
YAH, SHUR.
TAYSYER TWIE
BUD WEEZ KARZ ARN REKD ADOLL
JUSINA BAG?
OH! RIDE!
TRIFFIG TRIFFIG JUS LIGE NEW!
CAN I TREVEM OUD?
YEAH SHURE

TO BE CONTINUED

LOST
Made in France
POW! POW!


UNDER GROUND
COMIC
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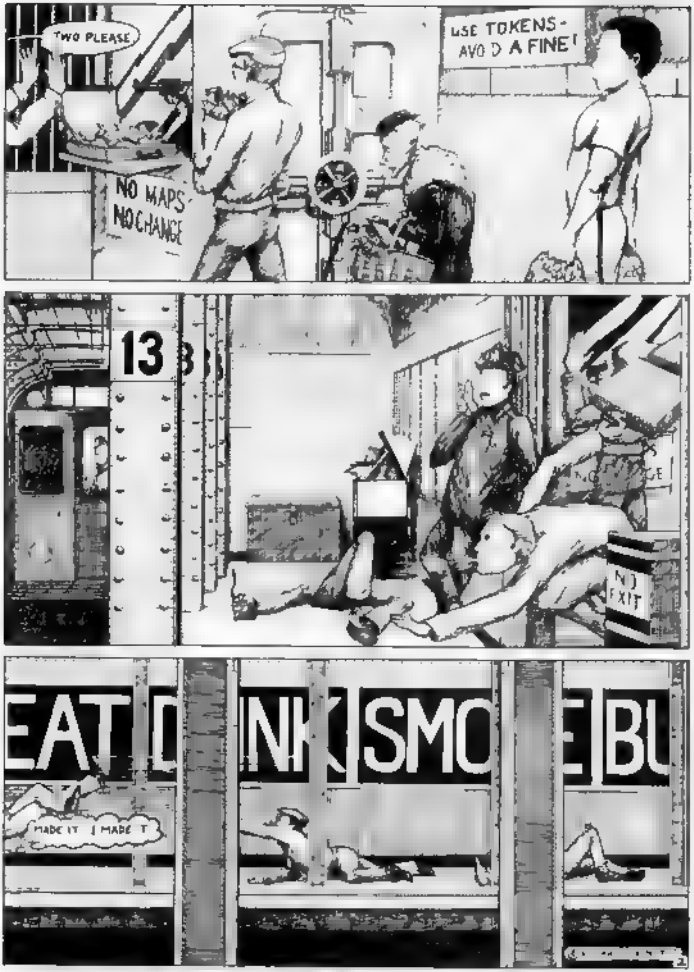
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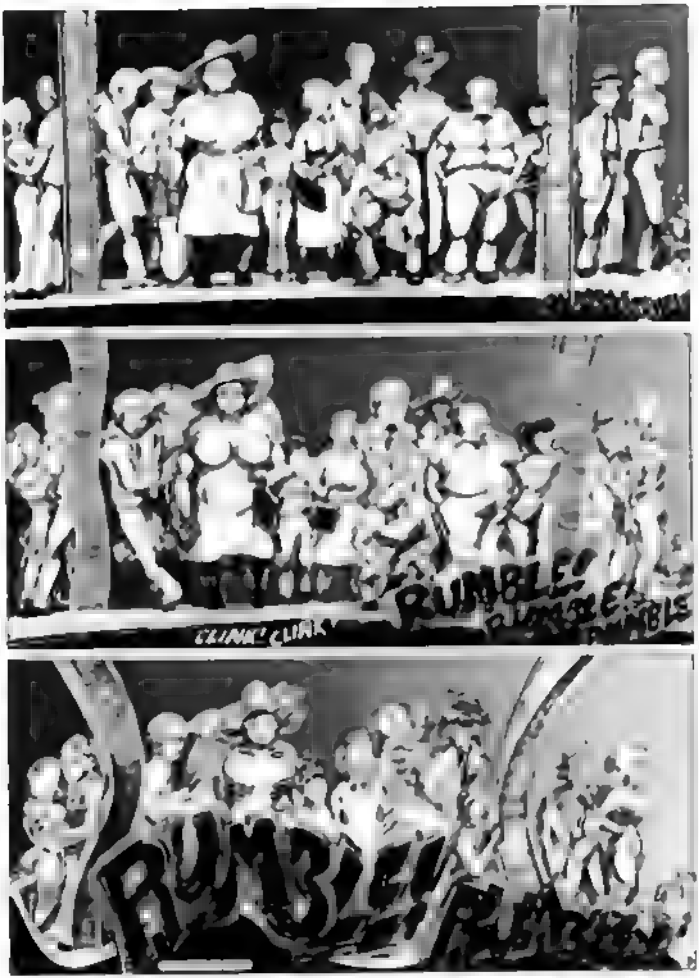
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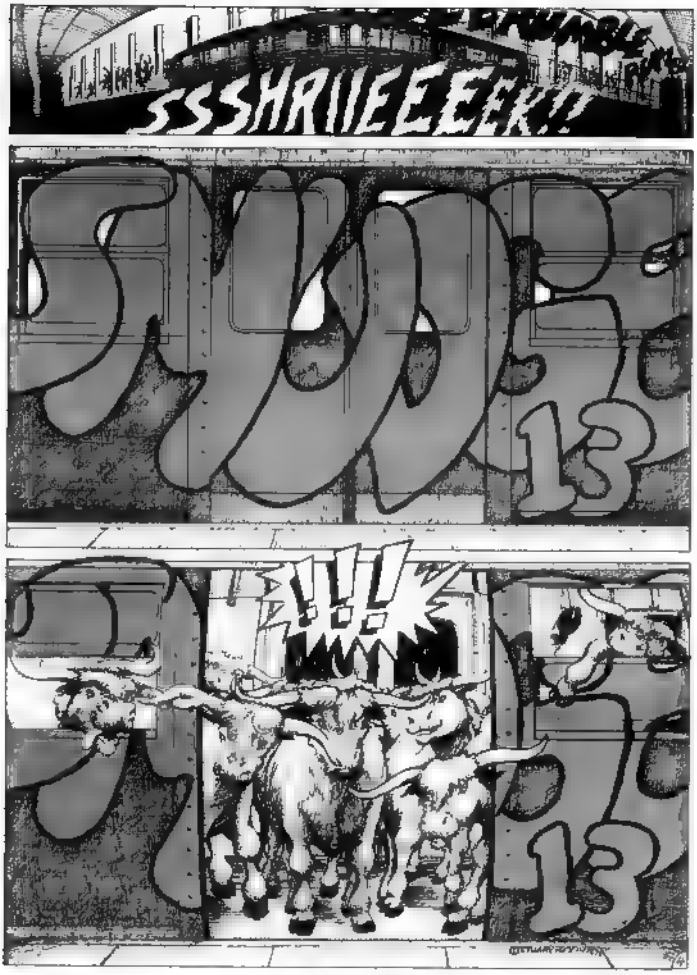
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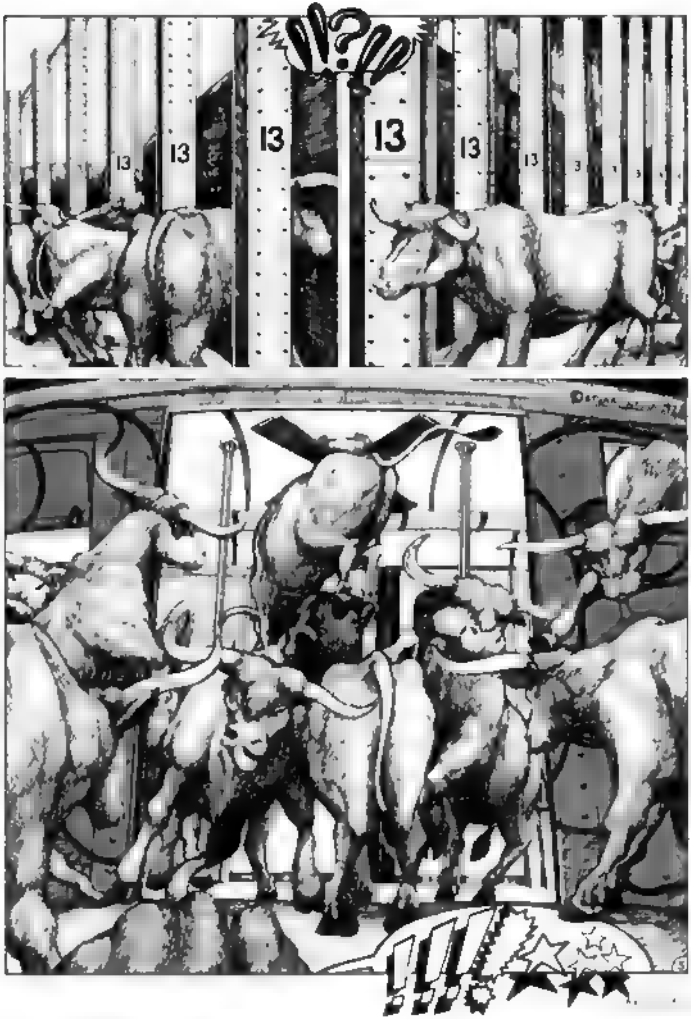
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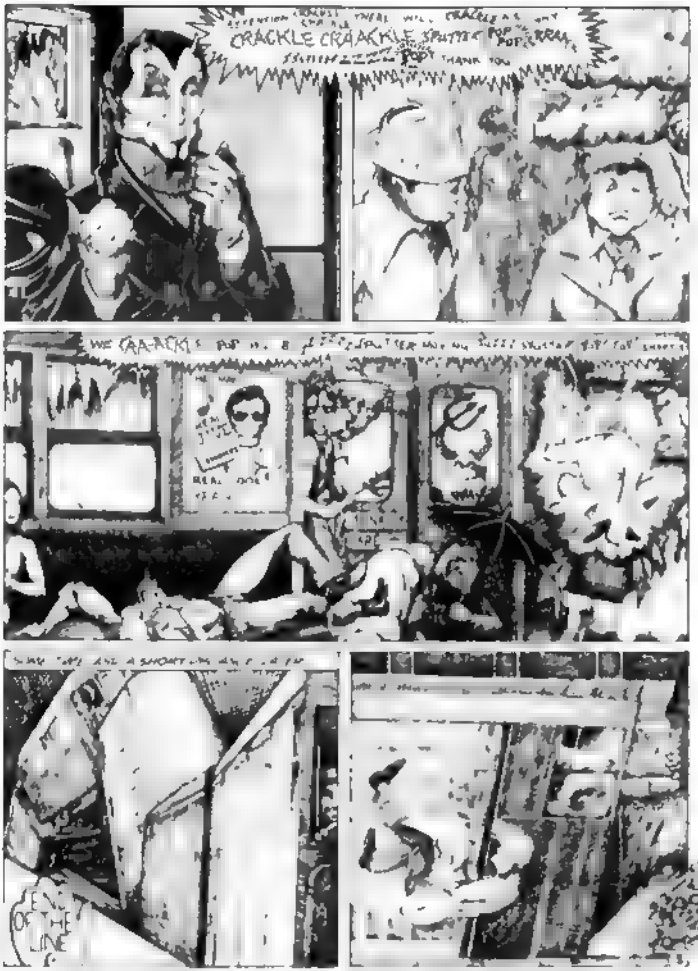
EAT IT NOW
NEW GOBBLE

A SEAT! A SEAT!
A SEAT!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM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THANK YOU
END OF THE LINE

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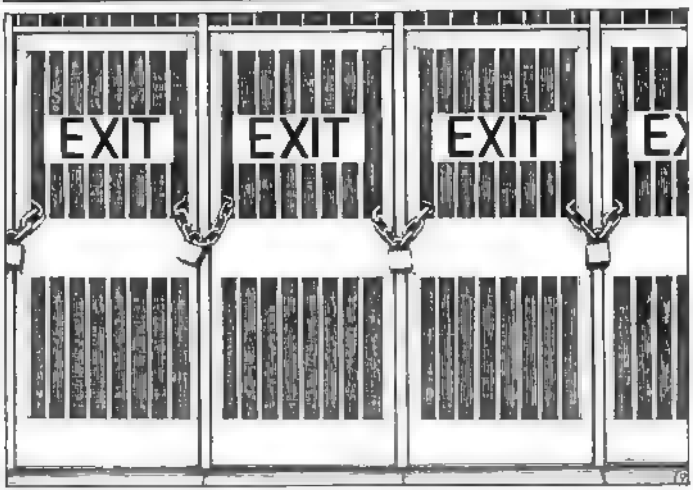
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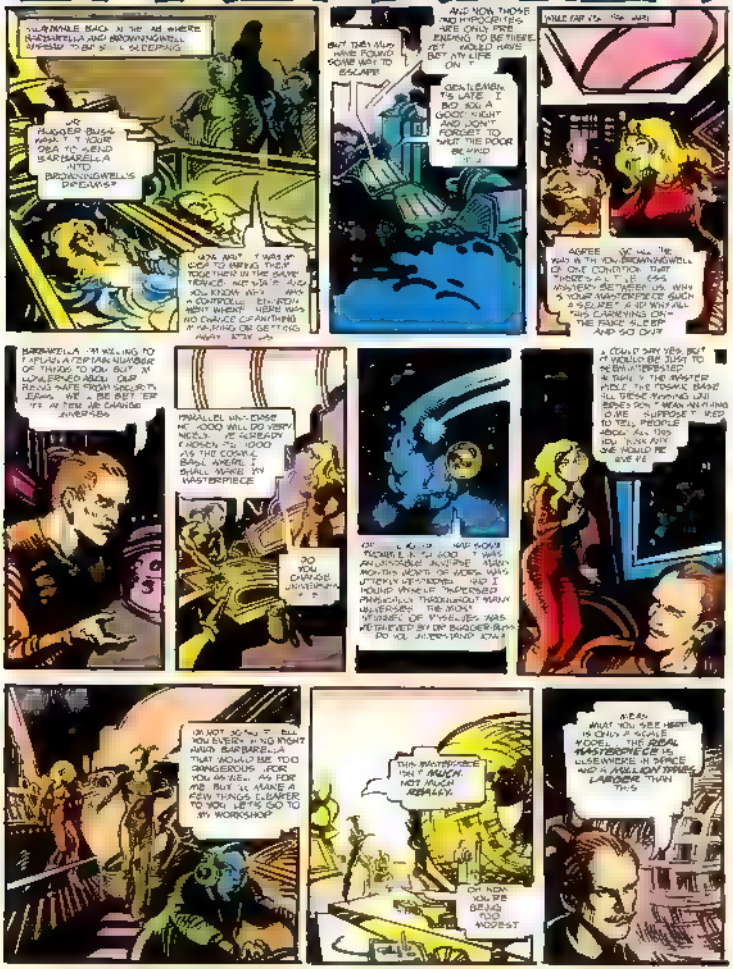
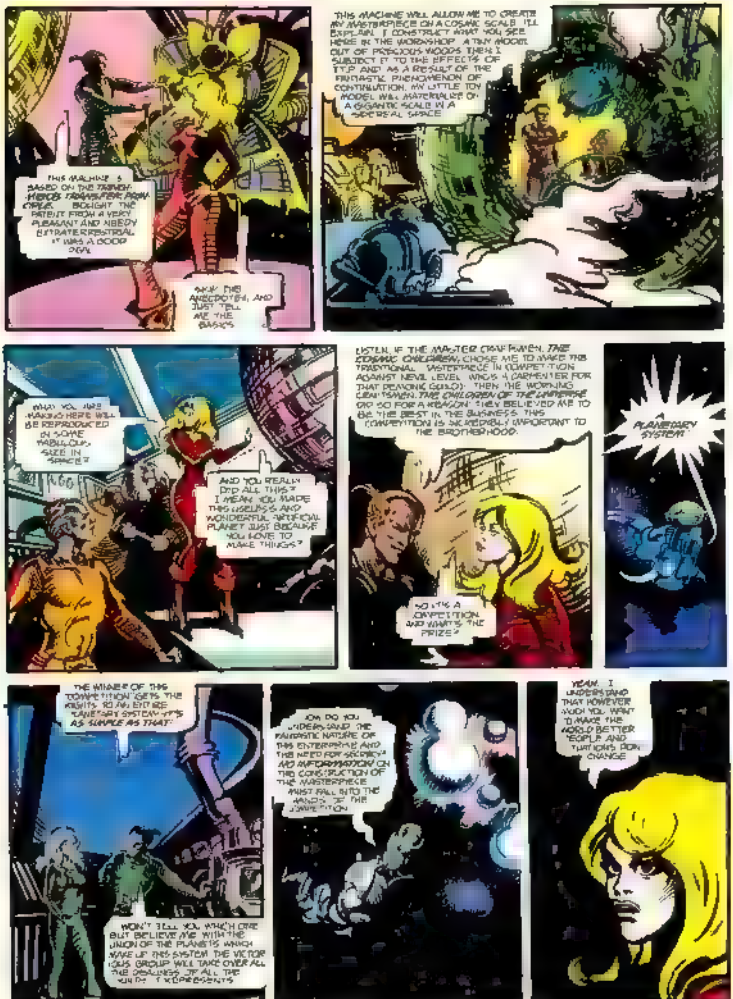
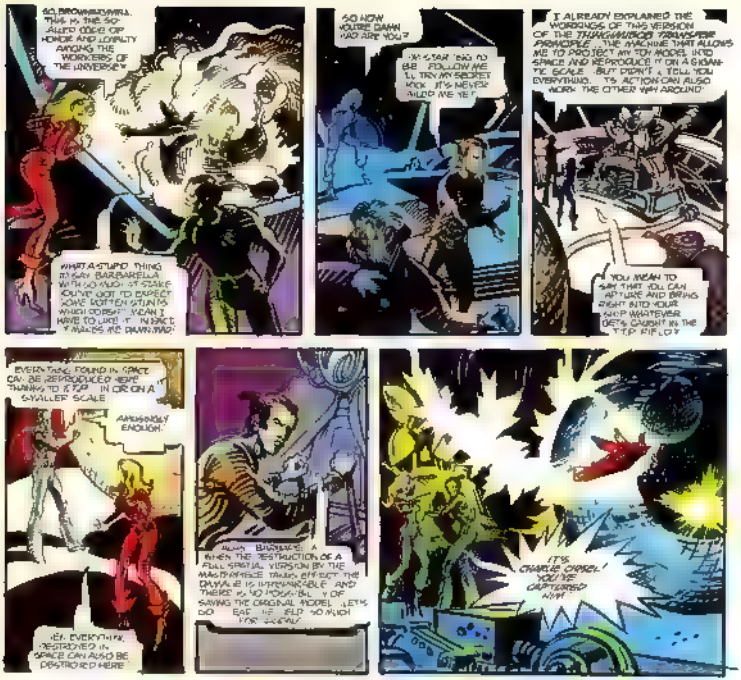
BARBARELLA


MEANWHILE BACK IN THE AIR WHERE BARBARELLA AND BROWNINGWELL APPEAR TO BE STILL SLEEPING
MY DARLING BARBARELLA I'VE HAD AN IDEA TO MEND BARBARELLA INTO BROWNINGWELL'S DREAMS
WE ARE THERE BY LOOK TO ENDING THEIR TOGETHER IN THE SAME TRANCE. NOT YET A SOLUTION WHICH WILL KNOW AND A CONTROLLED ESCAPE WHEREBY THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF ANYTHING BY WAKING OR GETTING AWAY EITHER WAY
AND NOW THOSE TWO HYPOCRITES ARE ONLY FREE BUT THEY WILL HAVE FOUND SOME WAY TO ESCAPE
OKAY, GLEASON, IT'S LATE I BID YOU A GOOD NIGHT AND DON'T FORGET TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU
WHILE FAR OUT IN THE VOID
AGREED BY YOU THE MAD IS TH YOU BROWNINGWELL OF ONE CONDITION THAT THERE'S A LITTLE EASY MISTER BETWEEN US. WHY S YOUR MASTERPIECE SUCH A SECRET? I DO WHY ALL THIS CARRYING ON— THE FUSS AND SO OUT
BARBARELLA I'M WILLING TO EXPLAIN A CERTAIN NUMBER OF THINGS TO YOU BUT IN UNLIKELY EVENT OUR PLANS SAFE FROM SECURITY LEAKS WE'LL BE BETTER IT'S AT THE DE DARING UNIVERSE
PARALLEL UNIVERSE NO GOOD WILL DO VERY NICELY AS ALREADY KNOWN TO GOOD AS THE COSMIC BASE WHERE I SHALL MAKE MY MASTERPIECE
SO YOU CHANGE UNIVERSES
OH I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IT WAS AN UNUSUAL SOLAR STORM UTTERLY UNFORESEEN AND I FOUND MYSELF TRANSFERRED PHYSICALLY THROUGH MANY UNIVERSES THE MOST VIOLENT OF WHICH WAS METAPHYSICAL BY DR BORDER BUT DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?
I COULD SAY YES, BUT IT WOULD BE JUST TO BE AN INTERESTED. I THINK I THE MASTER PIECE THE COSMIC BASE ALL THESE WORKING UNI BRINGS SOME MEANING TO ME. I SUPPOSE I NEED TO TELL PEOPLE ABOUT ALL THIS YOU THINK ANY SHE WOULD BE GIVE IT
OH NO, YOU'LL ALL ENTERTAIN NO MIGHT HAVE BARBARELLA THAT WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU AS WE. AS FOR ME BUT I'LL MAKE A FEW THINGS CLEARER TO YOU. LET'S GO TO MY WORKSHOP
THIS MASTERPIECE ISN'T MUCH, NOT MUCH REALLY.
OH NOW YOU'RE BEING TOO MODEST
AREAS WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS ONLY A SCALE MODEL. THE REAL MASTERPIECE IS ELSEWHERE IN SPACE AND IS MILLIONS TIMES LARGER THAN THIS

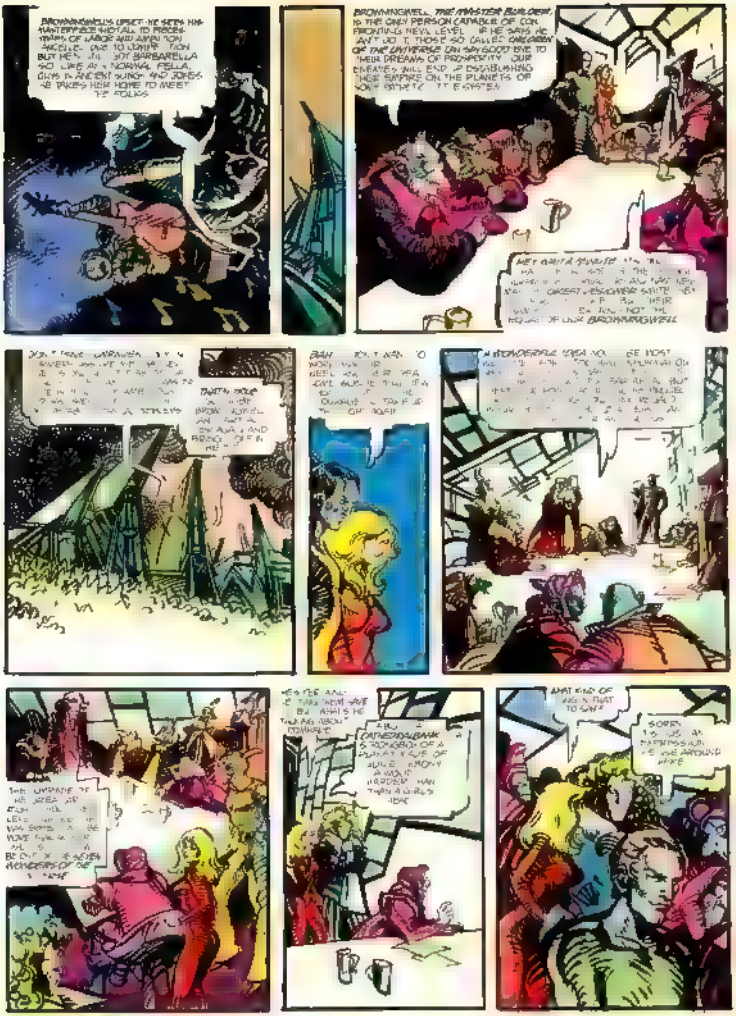

THIS MACHINE WILL ALLOW ME TO CREATE MY MASTERPIECE ON A COSMIC SCALE. I'LL EXPLAIN. I CONSTRUCT WHAT YOU SEE HERE IN THE WORKSHOP. A TINY MODEL OUT OF PRECIOUS WOODS. THEN, I SUBJECT IT TO THE EFFECTS OF TYP AND, AS A RESULT OF THE FANTASTIC PHENOMENON OF CONTINUATION, MY LITTLE TOY MODEL WILL MATERIALIZE ON A GIGANTIC SCALE IN A SIDEREAL SPACE
THIS MACHINE IS BASED ON THE TRANSMIC HEROES TRANSFERRING FROM CRYSTAL BOUGHT THIS PATENT FROM A VERY PLEASANT AND NOBODY ELSE'S PORTAL. IT WAS A GOOD DEAL
OKAY. NO ANECDOTES, AND JUST TELL ME THE BASICS
WHAT YOU JUST MADE HERE WILL BE REPRODUCED IN SOME FABULOUS SIZE IN SPACE?
AND YOU REALLY DID ALL THIS? I MEAN, YOU MADE THIS USELESS AND WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL PLANET JUST BECAUSE YOU LOVE TO MAKE THINGS?
LISTEN, IF THE MASTER CRAFTSMEN, THE COSMIC ENGINEERS, CHOSE ME TO INVENT THE TRADITIONAL MASTERPIECE IN COMPETITION AGAINST NEVIL LEVEL WINGS & CARPENTER FOR THAT DRAWING (GOLD), THEN THE MORNING LEARNSMEN, THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE DID SO FOR A REASON. THEY BELIEVED ME TO BE THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. THIS COMPETITION IS INCREDIBLY IMPORTANT TO THE BROTHERHOOD.
SO IT'S A COMPETITION, AND WHAT'S THE PRIZE?
A PLANETARY SYSTEM
THE WINNER OF THE COMPETITION GETS THE RIGHTS TO AN ENTIRE PLANETARY SYSTEM. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.
WON'T TELL YOU WHICH ONE BUT BELIEVE ME WITH THE UNION OF THE PLANETS WHICH MAKE UP THIS SYSTEM THE VICTORIOUS GROUP WILL TAKE OVER ALL THE DESTINIES OF ALL THE YOUTH IT REPRESENTS
YOU DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE FANATIC NATURE OF THIS ENTERPRISE AND THE NEED FOR SECRECY AS INFORMATION ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE MASTERPIECE MUST FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE COMPETITION
YEAH. I UNDERSTAND THAT HOWEVER MUCH YOU WANT TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER PEOPLE AND TRADITIONS DON'T CHANGE

DR. BLOGGER-BEAS AND HIS ASSISTANTS WANT TO MAKE YOU UP BECAUSE THEY THINK YOU'RE HIDING A TREASURE IN YOUR CLEVER LITTLE HEAD!
MAKE YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES MAKE COSMIC MASTER-PIECES, WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO GIVE SOME MAFIA A NEW COMMERCIAL EMPIRE!
AND WHERE DO I FIT INTO ALL THIS?
YOU KNOW FOR A LONG TIME WHAT KIND OF HOME-GROWN MINDS WANT TO CONTROL THE WORLD THROUGH MASS MEDIA. BY OWNING ALL THE MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS AND TV-STATIONS. AND THIS SECRET PLAN OF YOURS TO CREATE A COSMIC MASTERPIECE ISN'T SO BAD EITHER.
BARBARELLA WILL NEVER GET INVOLVED IN YOUR DIRTY DEALS, UNDERSTAND?
OH, UP WE GO! APPROACHING THE GATE INTO THE ARTIFICIAL PLANET WHICH I SECRETLY NAMED "HIS WORKING AS BRIGHT AS THE GREAT EYE OF STARS". IF ARVEL COULD ONLY SEE IT!
BUT HE WOULD NEVER DREAM OF COMING TO LOOK FOR ME ON AN ICOO!
IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WOULD JOIN HERE A FRIEND OF MINE!
IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF HE'S HAVING FUN AMUSEMENTS YOUR MASTER THE E
CURSES, HE'S SPOTTED ME
I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE SO PEACEFUL ON PARALLEL 11. IN PHASE 1000?
I NEVER IMAGINED THAT MY ADVERSARY WOULD TURN UP AND FIND ME HERE
NEVER! LEAVE THE PILOT OF THAT THING!
WHAT A MIX! HIS MIND HELD AN UNIFORM, WAVED CHAOS OF CHOICE... OF CONTRARY THOUGHTS, THAT I'D NEVER KNOWN AS THE OWN PREY OF THE MIND!


SO, BRENNINGWELL. THIS IS THE SO-CALLED CODE OF HONOR AND LOYALTY AMONG THE WORKERS OF THE UNIVERSE?
WHAT A STUPID THING TO SAY, BARZHAKELL. WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE, YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT SOME ROTTEN STUNTS WHICH DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO LIKE IT. IN FACT, IT MAKES ME DAMN MAD!
SO NOW YOU'RE DAMN MAD, EH?
OH, STAR-DOG, NO BE FOLLOW ME. I'LL TRY MY SECRET KICK. IT'S NEVER FAILED ME YET.
I ALREADY EXPLAINED THE WORKINGS OF THIS VERSION OF THE THANGAMAJIGGER TRANSFER PRINCIPLE. THE MACHINE THAT ALLOWS ME TO PROJECT AN OBJECT MODEL INTO SPACE AND REPRODUCE IT ON A GIGANTIC SCALE. BUT DIDN'T I TELL YOU EVERYTHING? ITS ACTION CAN ALSO WORK THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU CAN APTURE AND BRING BACK INTO YOUR SHIP WHATEVER GETS CAUGHT IN THE TRACTOR FIELD?
EVERYTHING FOUND IN SPACE CAN BE REPRODUCED HERE THANKS TO X-TOP IN OR ON A SMALLER SCALE.
AMAZINGLY ENOUGH.
I.E. EVERYTHING DESTROYED IN SPACE CAN ALSO BE DESTROYED HERE.
NOW, BRENNINGWELL, A WHEN THE DESTRUCTION OF A FULL SPATIAL VERSION BY THE MASTERPIECE TRACTOR EFFECT THE DRIVE IS IRREPARABLE AND THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY OF SAVING THE ORIGINAL MODEL. LET'S GO EAT HE FELD SO MUCH FOR LUCAL!
IT'S CHARLIE CHAPLIN! YOU'VE CAPTURED HIM!
HEY, BRENNINGWELL, THE TV NEWS IN THERE AND THEY'RE STILL DESTROYING YOUR MASTERPIECE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR MACHINE NOW?
DON'T WORRY. THE X-TOP IS STILL WORKING AND THEY CAN'T GET OUT OF ITS MAGNETIC FIELD!
REALLY? THEN WHAT'S THAT?
CURSES! QUICK, SHUT THE X-TOP!
ALERT. THIS IS BRENNINGWELL SAY THE ARTICOMPARTMENTS AND ISOLATE STAGE 6.
LIKE KEEPS THAT UP HE'LL PIERCE THE WALLS AND MAKE YOUR SPACESHIP LOOK LIKE A PIECE OF SWISS CHEESE

OUT OF THE WAY, EVERYONE! I'M GOING TO SHOOT THAT
WELL, I
SO HERE IT IS! THIS WEAPON IS ORDER AND I, I'M SUPPOSE TO BE ABLE TO DESTROY ALL HUMAN LIFE, EVEN THROUGH THE THICKEST POSSIBLE
OH, YEAH! GOT TO BE KIDDING
LEAVE ME ALONE TO THINK. CHARLIE CHISEL IN THIS SMALL MODEL IS NOTHING BUT A REPLICA, A SORT OF DOUBLE WITH A MEGA COEFFICIENT OF REALITY, WHICH MAKES HIM SLIGHTLY VULNERABLE
WE HAVE TO ATTACK THE ORIGINAL IF WE WANT
LIKE IN THE THINGS DON'T ORDER AN
LET'S START WITH THE ONE WITH BOBBY. WHILE I'M AT IT, I MEAN, THE ONE IN SPACE. HAPPY NOW THAT HE'S DONE HIS THING?
BECAUSE HIS REPLICA IS A PRISONER ON OUR SHIP IN WHICH RARIEL HAS LOST HER WEAPON OF EXTERIOR TIME AND AND AS FEEBLE AS THE COEFFICIENT OF REALITY OF THAT REPLICA MIGHT BE, IT'S ENOUGH TO TRAP HIM ON HUMAN ASTROVEL. IN OUR OPERATIONS?
NO
HEY, LOOK TO CHARLIE CHISEL! HE'S COMMUNING INTO EVERYTHING. THE GUYS INSIDE MUST BE REALLY
WHAT ALL DO TO HIM HIS OWN PREPARE TO FIRE THE ER 1000
SOMEBODY'S HOME, MAN, ER
PLEASE AXE THE FIELD, HEAVE ME AND PASS THE AMMUNITION. I'M GOING TO BLAST THAT RARIEL CHISEL TO PLEASURE. I WOULDN'T LET ANYONE ELSE END IT
OH, BROTHERS... HAVE TO BE CAREFUL

FULL SPEED AHEAD, HARRY. FULL SPEED. GIVE 'T ALL YOU'VE GOT GET READY TO SHOOT THE WORKS
READY TO SHOOT THE WORKS
RIGHT SHOOT THE WORKS
HEY!
BROWN. BROWNSWELL. D DO SOMETHING
HOLD TIGHT WE'VE GOT HIM IN THE BAG
HA HA! HE HASN'T EXPECTED MY SHIP TO BE EQUIPPED WITH A MASSDRAKK! MY LOOP IS COMPLETELY PROTECTED BY ANTI-MATTER SO MY SWORD CAN SLICE THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO SMASH THE WHOLE DAMN UNIVERSE
BAKED TART!
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE CHISEL'S DIS APPEARED THERE'S JUST SOME KIND OF JAM LEFT
IT'S MASTO-RACK BLEW HIM 'OUT OF PLUTOO AND CAST HIM AWAY IN THE INFINITE WORLD OF ANTI WORLDS
OH MY POOR SKROWN-NG. WELL YOUR MASTERPIECE HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY KNOCKED AROUND BY YOUR ENEMIES. HOW MANY LIGHT YEARS WILL IT TAKE YOU TO F-X 'T UP?
WELL AT THIS POINT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO REPAIR 'T COMPLETELY, BARBARELLA. BE'TER TO START OVER AGAIN BUT EVIL LEVEL HAS SUCH A HEAVY START ON ME NOW THAT 'T WILL BE DIFFICULT TO CATCH UP
WHAT A SHAME!
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?
TO GET BACK TO WILLIAM 22, THE FLOATING PLANET AS SOON AS POSSI-BLE. THAT'S WHERE THE COSMIC CHILDREN ARE GATHERED. THERE YOU CAN SEE 'T AIRBADY, BECAUSE FOR THE LAS 'SPATIAL HOUR WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING OUTSIDE THE TIME SPACE NEXUS, SO WE'VE TAKEN A KIND OF SHORT-CU' TO IT


BROWNING-WELL'S LATEST HE SEES HIS MASTERPIECE AND ALL TO PIECES TRAIN OF LARGE AND SMALL SON, NECKLE. DUE TO UNIVERSE TION BUT HEY, IT'S JOY BARBARELLA SO LIKE AS A NORMAL FELLA, GIVE IN ANCIENT SUNDAY AND JONES. HE TAKES HIS HOME TO MEET YE FOLKS
BROWNING-WELL, THE MASTER BUILDER, IS THE ONLY PERSON CAPABLE OF CONFRONTING HIS EVIL LEVEL. HE SAYS HE AIN'T GOT THOSE SO CALLED GARGOYLES OF THE UNIVERSE ON MY SCOOT BUT TO MEA DREAMS OF PROSPERITY. OUR ENEMIES WILL END IF ESTABLISHING NEW EMPIRES ON THE PLANETS OF SOLAR SYSTEM. THE SYSTEM
BARBARELLA
BARBARELLA AND JUST A SIMPLE AND PEACEFUL GIRL
A WONDERFUL IDEA, DO YOU SEE MOST
THE UNIVERSE IS NO MORE OUR ENEMIES OF THE
CATHEDRAL BANK
A SCULPTURE OF A SMART VIEW OF ALIEN PROXY IN HORRIBLE MAN THAN A GIRL'S IDEA
WHAT KIND OF ASS IS THAT TO SAY?
SORRY, I'M SO AT THINGS UP, I'VE BEEN AROUND WHILE

COURAGE, BROWNINGWELL! YOU'RE THE "GRAND CHAMPION" OF THE COSMIC CHILDREN CARPENTERS!... YOU'LL GET AN INSPIRATION SOON...AND I'M SURE THAT YOUR NEW MASTERPIECE WILL BE EVEN MORE EXTRAORDINARY THAN THE FIRST ONE!
YOU'RE GOOD, BARBARELLA! YOU'RE WORTHY OF BEING THE MOTHER OF US ALL!
AH! WHOSE MOTHERY DO I LOOK LIKE THE MOTHERLY TYPE?
NO OFFENSE! TO BE MOTHER TO THE COMRADES IS A GREAT HONOR...THEY'RE MEANT TO BE YOUNG AND VERY ATTRACTIVE, BUT ABOVE ALL...THE MOTHER IS CONSOLING—SHE WELCOMES THE RETURNING COMRADES, SHE ARMS THEM, AND GIVES THEM THE COURAGE TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT...YOU WILL BE THE MOTHER!...I WILL NOMINATE YOU, AND REQUEST THAT YOU BE SPARED THE INITIATION RITUALS...
YES...FINE!... BUT YOU KNOW, I FEEL THAT MAY NOT REALLY BE MY CALLING...THERE ARE TIMES, WHEN IT'S I WHO NEED TO BE WARMED!...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WAS SAYING THAT I COULD USE SOME WARMING UP...
I KNOW, I KNOW...AH, IT'S ALL SO DIFFICULT... PERHAPS, TO BEGIN WITH, WE COULD TRY WARMING UP EACH OTHER?
IT CAN'T HURT TO TRY, COMRADE!
OH, MY DEAR COMRADE! MY WILD FOX...MY BROWNING WELL, WELL, WELL...ARE YOU STARTING TO FEEL WARM?
YES, YES...AND YOU, MY DARLING, MY DAUGHTER, MY SISTER, MY LITTLE BEAR, MY GEOMETRICALLY VARIED CHIP OF LOVE? HOW ARE YOU?
I'M VERY WARM!
COMRADES, DO YOU THINK BROWNINGWELL CAN MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME?
FIRST OF ALL, HE'S GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK!
AND TO START WORK AGAIN, HE MUST HAVE SOME INSPIRATION...AND FOR INSPIRATION TO COME TO HIM...
...CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE TO BE JUST RIGHT...
WE GAVE HIM A MUCH BIGGER AND MORE MODERN WORKSHOP WHERE HE PUT HIS SPACESHIP...
YES, BUT HIS SPIRIT CAN'T BE TAKEN CARE OF SO EASILY... HE'S DISTRACTED... HE'S GONE ASTRAY...
I KNOW, COMRADE...IT'S THAT WOMAN...
YES, THAT WOMAN FROM THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE WITH HER BASE INSTINCTS AND LASCIVIOUS WAYS...

AH, BARBARELLA!... WHAT GOOD ARE THE PLEASURES OF THIS FLESH?... THEY ONLY CLOUD THE MIND WITH SMOKE, FOG, VAGUENESS... WHAT NOURISHES MAN IS MAN'S LOT! YOU SLEEP! WHILE I REMAIN AWAKE... MY BODY TOO WEAK TO STAND WHILE MY MIND IS OBSESSED WITH WORK!
AH, MORTALS! YOURS SO SHALLOW, VAIN SLEEPY, TORPID CREATURES YOU ARE!
AH, SLEEPY AND TORPID? CARE TO COME A LITTLE CLOSER AND FIND OUT?
EXCUSE ME, BARBARELLA, BUT I HAVE A MEETING... MY COMRADES MUST HELP ME MOVE THE THINGAMBOB TOWARDS TOWN NEW WORKSHOP. WE HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL WITH IT.
FINE. I'LL WAIT HERE. UP TO MY ASS IN THE HANDIEST... NOT VERY ELEGANT, BUT IT'LL KEEP ME WARM... AND IT'S THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE I'LL BE SURE TO FIND YOU AGAIN ONE DAY— YOUR WORK-SHOP
WAIT! DON'T MOVE!... DON'T BREATHE! AND ABOVE ALL, DON'T SAY ANYTHING... MY MASTERPIECE... MY NEW MASTERPIECE!...
PLEASE, PLEASE, DON'T MOVE... I WANT... I WISH... TO SEE THE NEW MASTER-PIECE!
PLEASE, BARBARELLA, GO AWAY, LEAVE ME... I NEED ABSOLUTE SECRECY FOR THIS PROJECT... YOU'LL UNDERSTAND LATER ON...
GOOD GOD! I SAID LEAVE!
SOMETHING WRONG WITH SOMEONE, MISS?
YES, WITH ME!
COME ON, MY GLIDER ISN'T FAR OFF... AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT... YOU'RE NOT JUST ANY OLD WOMAN... YOU'VE GOT CLASS. YOU OUGHT TO BE A MOTHER!... I MEAN, OUR MOTHER...
SORRY, ONE'S ALREADY PULLED THAT LINE ON ME!
MEN, THEY ALL DISGUST ME!...
ALL OF THEM?... SURELY, NOT ME... SURELY, NOT ME?
NO, NOT YOU...
TO BE CONTINUED...

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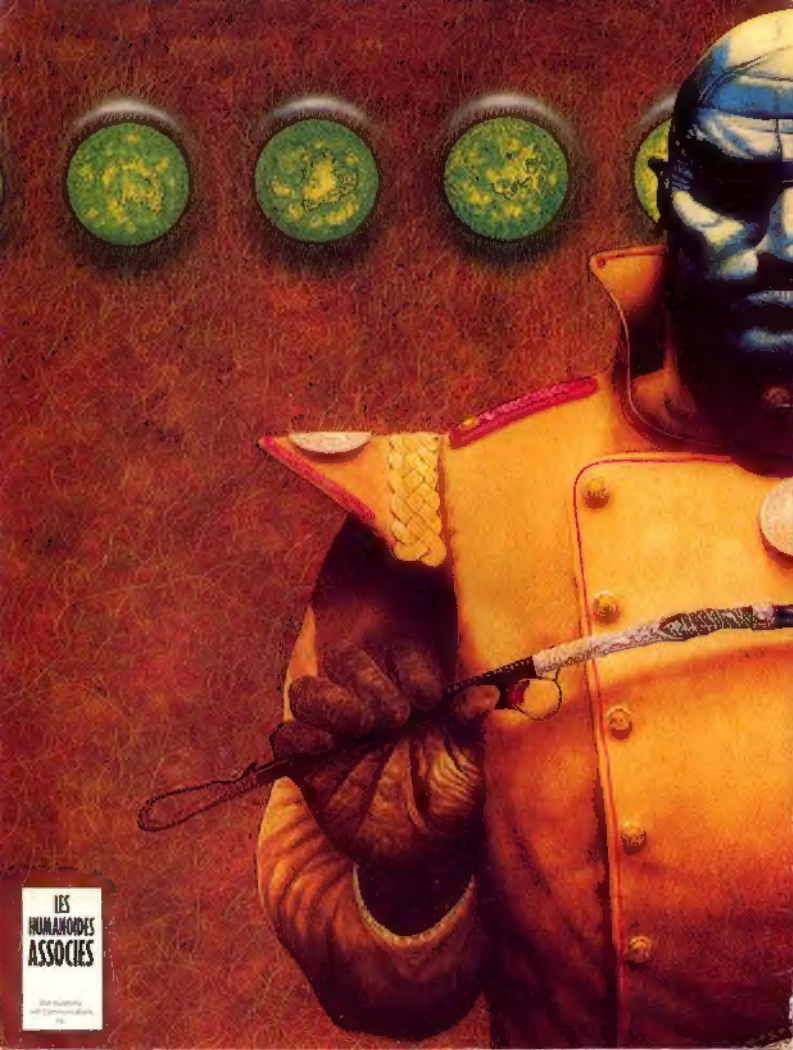
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